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T H E
T E A R S
O F
F R I E N D S H I P.
A N
E L E G I A C O D E.

Sacred to the Memory of several deceased Friends, and particularly the Rev. BENJAMIN GROSVENOR, D. D. who departed this Life *Aug. 27, 1758*, in the 83d Year of his Age.

By THOMAS GIBBONS. *K*



L O N D O N :

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T H E
T E A R S
O F
F R I E N D S H I P.

I.

THE Ev'ning now, in sable Mantle clad,
Comes forth, effacing the Remains of Day
By fast Degrees, and Darknes deep and sad
O'er Nature spreads her universal Sway.

II.

No joyous Birds now swell their tuneful Throats,
But in their Stead the Screech-owl grates the Ear
In his lone Flight with bitter-boding Notes,
And flitting Bats through the dun Shades appear.

III.

What Time like this so suited to my Woe?
All Nature seems to sympathize with me,
And, while my Eyes with copious Currents flow,
The Sorrows trickle from each mournful Tree:

IV.

For fierce descending Rains the golden Crops
Whose Ripeness asks the Barn, in Ruins lay;
And Night with silent slow-distilling Drops,
Bewails the wasteful Deluge of the Day.

The

V.

The Lunar Orb denies all Glimpse of Light, *
 And not a Star may pierce the dreary Gloom :
 Come then with all thine Horrors, grateful Night,
 And aid the MUSE lamenting o'er the Tomb.

VI.

My dearest Intimates now sleep in Death,
 Whom Friendship, Genius, and celestial Fire,
 Inkindled by th' eternal Spirit's Breath,
 Could Life with half the Bliss of Heav'n inspire.

VII.

Here FLORIO † lies, th' *Ingenious*, and the *Young*,
 His Soul with its momentous Worth imprest :
 How soft the Accents that adorn'd his Tongue,
 The faithful Ecchques of his gen'rous Breast !

VIII.

In his gay Bloom DEATH struck the sudden Wound,
 His first-born TERROR ‡ led the Tyrant's Way :
 How did the House with Sighs and Groans resound !
 And I, unhappy I, beheld the Day.

IX.

How high indulg'd was I when WATTS || has deign'd
 With me the free unbended Hour to spend !
 In his Discourse divinest Wisdom reign'd ;
 Angels with Pleasure might the Sage attend.

* The Author refers to the late Harvest being threatened by excessive Rains, and the watry Moon that set in at the Beginning of September.

† Mr. William Beldam, junr. who died Dec. 29, 1741, in the 26th Year of his Age.

‡ A violent Small Pox.

|| The Revd. Isaac Watts, D. D. who died Nov. 25, 1748, in the 75th Year of his Age.

X.

Rich was his *Genius*; and on *Genius Art*
 Her fairest, noblest Polish had bestow'd,
 Sacred and pure the Altar of his Heart,
 And there the Ardors of Devotion glow'd.

XI.

Virtue adorn'd him with her brightest Rays;
 For him the *Nine* their choicest Laurels twin'd:
 In one unweary'd Labour pass'd his Days,
 And all that Labour was to bless Mankind.

XII.

But in his Friendship while fond Mem'ry wakes
 Th' Ideas of my Pleasures and my Gains,
 My Heart with overwhelming Sorrow breaks,
 And blasted Bliss exasperates my Pains.

XIII.

So haply if some wealthy Merchant fails,
 Some awful Wreck devouring his Success,
 Corroding Grief with fiercest Pangs affails,
 And former Plenty sharpens his Distress.

XIV.

And can I mention WATTS, and not recal
 ABNEY, * at whose fair Seat the Prophet liv'd,
 And from whose Hands, that show'r'd their Boons on all,
 The largest, richest Bounties he receiv'd?

* The late Lady *Abney* of *Stoke-Newington*, who died Jan. 12, 1749.

XV.

O what a Soul was Hers!——with Light Divine
 Wisdom before her led the sacred Way
 Thro' Life's long Maze, nor from the radiant Line
 Her steady Steps were ever known to stray.

XVI.

Large were her Riches, but her tow'ring Hope,
 Fir'd with sublimer Views, had scorn'd to call
 The Wealth of Worlds her Bliss; her utmost Scope
 T' enjoy her God, her Portion, and her All.

XVII.

His Promises were her supporting Stay,
 His Precepts her unerring Guide of Life:
 Honour and Pleasure crown'd each smiling Day,
 Unstain'd with Guilt, and undisturb'd with Strife.

XVIII.

Laden in years, in hoary Holiness,
 Her long expecting Spirit wing'd her Flight,
 No more our wretched World t' adorn and blest,
 To the glad Mansions of eternal Light.

XIX.

Stranger! her Death demands a Tear from Thee,
 For ABNEY's peerless Virtues reach'd thine Ear:
 But what incessant Grievs are due from Me,
 Who saw them beaming from the Life appear?

XX.

Of ABNEY's Race to ABNEY's Soul ally'd
 Was ASHURST *, heav'nly mild, of fairest Fame;
 Her Graces in Affliction's Furnace try'd,
 Acquir'd diviner Lustre from the Flame.

XXI.

NOTTCUTT, † thy Worth deserves the highest Praise:
 Thou best of Pastors, and thou steadiest Friend!
 Celestial Calms and Pleasures fill'd thy Days,
 Smil'd o'er the Vale of Death, and blest'd thine End.

XXII.

STENNETT ‡, thine Image dwells upon my Heart:
 Devotion, Wisdom, Eloquence were thine:
 Not Death, long threat'ning his tremendous Dart,
 Dismay'd thy Soul, secure of Life Divine.

XXIII.

But these and other Names to Death consign'd,
 Still GROSV'NOR liv'd, a venerable Sage:
 The *Great* and *Good* alike compos'd his Mind,
 And threw their Lustres down the Vale of Age.

XXIV.

His Genius was an inexhausted Source,
 That, smoothly flowing in spontaneous Streams,
 O'er gay enamel'd Meadows winds its Course,
 Array'd and sparkling in the solar Beams.

* Mrs. Sarah Ashurst of Aldermanbury, London, Neice to Lady Abney, who died April 2, 1755. Aged 50.

† The Rev. Mr. William Nottcutt of Ipswich, who died July 17, 1756.

‡ The Rev. Joseph Stennett, D.D. who died Feb. 7, 1758. Aged 65 Years.

XXV.

Pleasure and Piety his Soul possest,
 And each shone brighter in the other's Ray:
 This Union, Language, Life, and Mien exprest,
 Mildly Divine, and elegantly gay.

XXVI.

The brightest Science, the acutest Sense,
 The polish'd Grace, the Wit's quick darting Fire,
 The Orator's resistless Eloquence,
 And the full Joys, eternal Hopes inspire,

XXVII.

All these in GROSV'NOR met, and join'd their Rays:
 What Miracle to see those Rays combin'd!
 Oft have I wonder'd at the blended Blaze,
 And long'd to heir a Portion of his Mind.

XXVIII.

Through a long Day still, still he liv'd the Saint,
 Cheerful to act, and ready to endure,
 And well he knew the Rainbow's Smiles to paint
 O'er Life's black Storms, of heav'nly Peace secure.

XXIX.

His Patience, all that witness'd, must admire,
 In ev'ry Change invincibly the same:
 So Di'monds, pregnant with celestial Fire,
 However varied, still preserve their Flame.

But

XXX.

But GROSV'NOR's gone: no more my joyful Eye
 Shall see his Face majestically sweet,
 Where, with the Prophet's awful Dignity,
 Each soft attractive Grace had fix'd its Seat.

XXXI.

No more shall I, from Labour and from Noise
 Retiring, sooth with him the weary Mind
 In sacred Calms and Heart-enliv'ning Joys,
 From Folly's Froth and Feculence refin'd.

XXXII.

Like as the Lamps that shed a golden Ray
 But soon expire, my Friends, my best Delight,
 Depart, and sink my almost heav'nly Day,
 Down to the Horrors of an endless Night.

XXXIII.

Flow, flow, my Eyes, with Tears redundant flow,
 Henceforth my Heart be thou the Seat of Grief;
 How can I bear such oft repeated Woe?
 Or how expect th' impossible Relief?

XXXIV.

Just at this Instant, startling the thick Gloom,
 His Head with Sunbeams deckt, with Stars his Wings,
 A Seraph came, bright in immortal Bloom,
 And o'er the Dark the Beams of Morning flings.

XXXV.

Surpriz'd and trembling at the dazzling Sight
A freezing Horror thrill'd thro' all my Frame,
Nor could frail Nature have sustain'd the Fright,
Had not his Pow'r reviv'd the vital Flame.

XXXVI.

For strait he touch'd me with his lenient Hand,
His Hand that trickled with ambrosial Dews,
And bad my Fears, "Be gone:" at his Command
My flutt'ring Heart its wonted Peace renews.

XXXVII.

"How can'st thou think it thy Creator's Will
"Thus to wail o'er the Ashes of the Dead?
"Heav'n fix'd the Rounds of Time they should fulfil,
"Heav'n order'd when from Earth their Spirits fled.

XXXVIII.

"Freed from the Chains of Flesh, their painful Cell,
"And this dark Vale, the Range of Sin and Woe,
"They with their God, inthron'd in Glory, dwell,
"And drink the Joys that from his Presence flow.

XXXIX.

"This World was undesign'd for their Abode:
"Tis but the Ante-chamber, Life the Hour
"To dress in Robes ting'd with the Saviour's Blood,
"Price of his Love, and Triumphs of his Pow'r.

"Nor

XL.

" Nor these their Robes alone, their's is th' Array
" Of Graces, Virtues, radiant and divine,
" That fully'd with no Blemish, from Decay
" Secure, o'er all the Heirs of Glory shine.

XLI.

" As Pilgrims hard-fatigu'd salute their Home,
" As Tempest-beaten Sailors spring to Shore,
" So Saints from Earth to Heav'n exulting come,
" All their long Labours and their Dangers o'er.

XLII.

" Unwith'ring Pleasure crowns th' Eternal Year,
" And tunes the Song to everlasting Love:
" They banquet on the Trees of Life, nor fear
" Th' infernal Serpent shall infest the Grove.

XLIII.

" Then weep no more, or, if thou need'st must weep,
" With Tears of Woe let Tears of Triumph run,
" For, while in Dust their mould'ring Bodies sleep,
" Their Souls are bright and active as the Sun.

XLIV.

" Ev'n their dead Earth, insulted by the Worm,
" Shall one Day rise immortal and refin'd,
" And, shining like their Lord's effulgent Form,
" Shall join and share the Raptures of the Mind.

" Think

XLV.

- " Think of their End, pursue the Path they trod,
" And imitate the Pattern they have shown,
" Approve thy Self a Servant of thy God,
" And the same Honours shall thy Exit crown.

XLVI.

- " Be zealous in thy Duty's full Discharge,
" Fix'd be thy Virtue in each stormy Hour,
" Shake off terrestrial Ties, thy Views enlarge,
" Walk humbly with thy God, and trust his Pow'r.

XLVII.

- " Bend ev'ry Appetite to Reason's Sway,
" On Passion's Gusts ne'er let thy Soul be hurl'd;
" In Life and Death thy Maker's Will obey,
" And launch upon his Truth from World to World."

XLVIII.

So spoke the Seraph, and with Wings out-spread
Back to his native Skies he soar'd away;
The Lark, low-roosted on her humble Bed,
Up sprung, and warbl'd to the dawning Day.

XLIX.

The Landscape sparkl'd in refulgent Dew,
All Nature wak'd in Transport from her Sleep:
I snatch'd my Crook, impatient to renew
My Toils, and seek fresh Pasture for my Sheep.

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